ALEXANDER's FEAST:

OR, THE

POWER OF MUSICK.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

To which is added,

The CORONATION ANTHEMS.

As Performed at the Theatre-Royal in *Covent-Garden*.

Set to Muſick by Mr. HANDEL.

LONDON.

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

[Price One Shilling.]

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ALEXANDER's FEAST:

OR, THE

POWER OF MUSICK.

ACT *the* FIRST.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS at the Royal Feaſt, for *Perſia* won
By *Philip*'s warlike Son:
Aloft, in awful State,
The God-like Hero ſate
On his Imperial Throne:
His valiant Peers were plac'd around;
Their Brows with Roſes and with Myrtles bound:
So ſhou'd Deſert in Arms be crown'd.
The lovely *Thais* by his Side
Sate like a blooming Eaſtern Bride,
In Flow'r of Youth, and Beauty's Pride.

AIR.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deſerves the Fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deſerves the Fair.

RECITATIVE.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful Quire,
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre:
The trembling Notes aſcend the Sky:
And heav'nly Joys inſpire.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

The Song began from *Jove*,
Who left his bliſsful Seats above;
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty *Love*)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God;
Sublime, on radiant Spires he rode,
When he to fair *Olympia* preſs'd,
And while he ſought her ſnowy Breaſt:
Then, round her ſlender Waſte he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an Image of Himſelf, a Sov'reign of the World.

CHORUS.

The liſt'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,
A preſent Deity! they ſhout around.
A preſent Deity! the vaulted Roofs rebound.

AIR.

With raviſh'd Ears
The Monarch hears;
Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod:
And ſeems to ſhake the Spheres.

RECITATIVE.

The Praiſe of *Bacchus*, then, the ſweet Muſician ſung;
Of *Bacchus*, ever Fair, and ever Young:
The jolly God in Triumph comes;
Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums:
Fluſh'd with a purple Grace,
He ſhews his honeſt Face;
Now give the Hautboys Breath; He comes! he comes!

AIR.

Bacchus, *ever Fair, and Young,*
Drinking Joys did firſt ordain;
Bacchus' *Bleſſings are a Treaſure,*
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleaſure:
Rich the Treaſure,
Sweet the Pleaſure;
Sweet is Pleaſure after Pain.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Bacchus' *Bleſſings are a Treaſure,*
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleaſure:
Rich the Treaſure,
Sweet the Pleaſure;
Sweet is Pleaſure after Pain.

RECITATIVE.

Sooth'd with the Sound, the King grew vain;
Fought all his Battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he ſlew the Slain:
The Maſter ſaw the Madneſs riſe,
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;
And while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

He choſe a mournful Muſe,
Soft Pity to infuſe.

AIR.

He ſung Darius *Great and Good,*
By too ſevere a Fate,
Fallen from his high Eſtate,
And welt'ring in his Blood.

Deſerted

Deſerted at his utmoſt Need,
By thoſe his former Bounty fed,
On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
Without a Friend to cloſe his Eyes.

RECITATIVE.

With downcaſt Looks the joyleſs Victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd Soul,
The various Turns of Chance below,
And, now and then, a Sigh he ſtole,
And Tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Behold Darius *Great and Good,*
Fallen, welt'ring in his Blood;
On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
Without a Friend to cloſe his Eyes.

RECITATIVE.

The mighty Maſter ſmil'd to ſee
That Love was in the next Degree;
'Twas but a kindred Sound to move,
For Pity melts the Mind to Love.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Softly ſweet, in *Lydian* Meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his Soul to Pleaſures.

AIR.

AIR.

War, he ſung, is Toil and Trouble,
Honour, but an empty Bubble:
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying;
If the World be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais *ſits beſide thee,*
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.
War, he ſung, is Toil and Trouble,
Honour but an empty Bubble:
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying;
If the World be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying.

CHORUS.

The Many rend the Skies with loud Applauſe;
So Love was crown'd, but Muſick won the Cauſe.

AIR.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair,
Who caus'd his Care;
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again.

At length with Love and Wine at once oppreſt,
The vanquiſh'd Victor ſunk upon her Breaſt.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair,
Who caus'd his Care;
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again.

CHORUS, *repeated.*

The many rend the Skies with loud Applauſe;
So Love was crown'd, but Muſick won the Cauſe.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT *the* SECOND.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

NOW ſtrike the Golden Lyre again;
A louder yet—and yet a louder Strain;
Break his Bands of Sleep aſunder,
And rouſe him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

CHORUS.

Break his Bands of Sleep aſunder,
And rouſe him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

RECITATIVE.

Hark, hark! — the horrid Sound
Has rais'd up his Head,
As awak'd from the Dead:
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.

AIR.

Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus *cries,*
See the Furies ariſe,
See the Snakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their Hair,
And the Sparkles that flaſh from their Eyes!

AIR.

AIR.

Behold a ghaſtly Band,
Each a Torch in his Hand!
Thoſe are Grecian *Ghoſts, that in Battle were ſlain,*
And unburied, remain
Inglorious on the Plain.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Give the Vengeance due
To the valiant Crew:
Behold how they toſs their Torches on high,
How they point to the *Perſian* Abodes,
And glitt'ring Temples of their hoſtile Gods!

AIR.

The Princes applaud with a furious Joy;
And the King ſeiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to deſtroy.

AIR.

Thais *led the way,*
To light him to his Prey;
And like another Helen, *fir'd another* Troy.

CHORUS.

The Princes applaud with a furious Joy;
And the King ſeiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to deſtroy.

Thais *led the way,*
To light him to his Prey;
And like another Helen, *fir'd another* Troy.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
While Organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing Flute,
And ſounding Lyre,
Cou'd ſwell the Soul to Rage, or kindle ſoft Deſire.

GRAND CHORUS.

At laſt divine Cecilia *came,*
Inventreſs of the Vocal Frame;
The ſweet Enthuſiaſt from her ſacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to ſolemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.

RECITATIVE.

Your Voices tune, and raiſe them high,
Till they echo from the vaulted Sky
The bleſt *Cecilia*'s Name:
Muſick to Heav'n and Her we owe,
The greateſt Bleſſing that's below;
Sound loudly then her Fame.

DUET.

Let's imitate her Notes above;
And may this Evening ever prove
Sacred to Harmony and Love.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Let old Timotheus *yield the Prize,*
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies,
She drew an Angel down.

CHORUS.

Let old Timotheus *yield the Prize,*
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies,
She drew an Angel down.

FINIS.

CORONATION ANTHEMS.

Compoſed by Mr. HANDEL.

I.

LET thy Hand be ſtrengthened, and thy right Hand be exalted.

Let Juſtice and Judgment be the Preparation of thy Seat: Let Mercy and Truth go before thy Face. *Hallelujah.*

II.

The King ſhall rejoice in thy Strength, O Lord. Exceeding glad ſhall he be of thy Salvation. Glory and great Worſhip haſt thou laid upon him. Thou haſt prevented him with the Bleſſings of Goodneſs, and haſt ſet a Crown of pure Gold upon his Head. *Hallelujah.*

III.

My Heart is inditing of a good Matter, I ſpeak of the things which I have made unto the King.

Kings Daughters were among thy honourable Women: Upon thy Right-hand did ſtand the Queen in Veſture of Gold.

And the King ſhall have Pleaſure in thy Beauty. Kings ſhall be thy nurſing Fathers, and Queens thy nurſing Mothers.

IV.

IV.

Zadock the Prieſt, and *Nathan* the Prophet, anointed *Solomon* King.

And all the People rejoiced and ſaid, God ſave the King, long live the King; may the King live for ever. *Amen. Hallelujah.*

FINIS.

IV.

Madam, the Earl, and Merlin the Tragick, praising Oberon King.

And all the People rejoiced and cried, Long live the King, long live the King; may the King live for ever. Amen. Hallelujah.